

The Grammarian



25th Edition

1985

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*The
Halifax Grammar School
Presents*

*The Twenty-Fifth Edition
of*

*The Grammarian
1985*

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Foreword

Although it has meant many hours of taxing work, we, THE GRAMMARIAN Staff can truly say we have enjoyed putting together the yearbook of 1985. Special thanks must go to Roger Baskett and Neil McCulloch, the editors, and Mrs. Chapman, who have devoted much time to help us, and the rest of THE GRAMMARIAN Staff. We hope you will enjoy this year's twenty-fifth edition of THE GRAMMARIAN.

John Cameron

Jonathon Meretsky

(Assistant Editors)



Dedication

In the past the Grammarian Staff has dedicated the yearbook to a group or an individual that has contributed a great deal to the school. However this year we have decided to dedicate the Grammarian to the group of people for whom the book is published; the students of the Halifax Grammar School.

John Cameron
Assistant Editor



Headmaster's Message



A school year is a prolonged and mammoth production. What makes it fascinating is that each year, the sets and the scenes are the same; but the action is entirely different. What makes it complicated is the infinite interplay of changing personality, temperament and chance events. What makes it annually rewarding is the continuing evidence of the zest for life. No one year is like another.

There have been other contrasts more predictable, personal and annual: between long suffering hours of study, and the relief of relaxation; between silence and noise; between excitement and tedium; between the high of happiness and the depth of despair; between caring and indifference. Life without contrasts is dull and I think we can honestly say that life at our school is never dull.

Headmaster
Peter Montgomery

The Staff



BACK ROW: Mr. Serebrin, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Waldman, Mrs. VonMaltzahn, Mrs. DeGrasse, Mrs. Meinertzhagen, Mr. MacNeil.
MIDDLE ROW: Mrs. Smith, Mr. Lankester, Mrs. Aterman, Mrs. Simms, Mrs. Kemp, Mlle. Henderson, Mrs. Cruikshank.
FRONT ROW: Mrs. Chapman, Mr. Bridgehouse, Mrs. Scobbie, Mr. Montgomery, Mme. Smith, Miss Silver, Mrs. Lewis.



Secretary

Mrs. Linda Parker

The Grammarian Staff



BACK ROW: Roger Baskett, Neil McCulloch.

MIDDLE ROW: Sarah Burns, Edward Rees, Ken Schwartz, Linda Barker.

FRONT ROW: John Cameron, Jonathan Meretsky, Anthony West.

Editors' Message

Nineteen Eighty-five marks the twenty-fifth edition of the Halifax Grammar School yearbook. The first GRAMMARIAN, published in the fall of nineteen-sixty was a thirty page paperback collection of literary works. Over the years the GRAMMARIAN has evolved into a conventional yearbook. In this special edition we hope to have provided the best possible chronicle of your nineteen eighty-four—eighty-five school year.

Neil McCulloch
Roger Baskett
(Co-Editors)





*U-13
Independent
Schools' Soccer
Tournament*





*Graduates
of*

1985

Kim Aerts



“An artist who theorizes about his work is no longer an artist but a critic.”
THE TEMPTATION OF HARRINGAY

Kim is one of the quieter, more thoughtful, members of our class. Travelling in every day, from Bayside, Kim manages to maintain quite an active, and sometimes hectic lifestyle. He is a participant in the fencing program, both as a competitor and a coach; he regularly works out at the World Gym, plays rugby, and of course manages to produce some professional quality artwork. These activities do not force Kim to go against the academic thrust of the school. Kim has applied his clear mind to everything from computer programs to some rather hilarious short stories. Next year Kim plans to attend Mt. Allison and pursue a career in the fine arts. You have the talent Kim. Good luck with it.

Robert Michael Barbara

“The hypocrites are slandering the sacred halls of truth. Ancient nobles showering their bitterness on youth.”

Neil Peart

Rob is a very spirited and energetic member of the upper six class, who is constantly involved in school activities. Rob has balanced extracurricular activities and academic achievements. He has been secretary of the Student Council in grade eleven, a member of the school math team since his arrival at H.G.S., a representative on the volleyball, soccer, basketball, and Reach for the Top teams. Rob's energetic approach to athletics has made him a popular member of the school's sports teams. He is also an active sailor and currently an alternate on the Canada Games Team.

Rob's enthusiastic participation in athletics and his academic skills have not hindered his active social life. He is very popular with students from other schools in the city and of course with the French Exchange participants from La Collège de l'Assumption with whom he made a mark for himself during the spring of 1984. His warm personality, energetic nature, and resourcefulness will benefit him in later years. He will definitely be missed by the students of the Halifax Grammar School.



Scott Bernard



“You've got desire, so let it out/You've got the power stand up and shout”
Ronnie James Dio

Scott is quite a popular member of our class. He has a great propensity for telling stories about himself, some more believable than others. His unique sense of humour shines in many of these tales. Scott has been one of the leaders of the volleyball for the last two years. His membership on the team and his participation in the dramatic society have given Scott an active social life.

Outside of school Scott's interests are quite diverse. He is very interested in music and has a large library of heavy metal records. But to offset this extreme taste Scott has been playing piano for eleven years and is also interested in many classical pieces. He is also a lifeguard and a swimming instructor. This takes up what free time Scott has left after his other interests.

Katherine Bishop

"I should as soon think of contradicting a bishop"
Dr. Samuel Johnson

At the end of the hall a girl emerges from the library, barely able to walk, exhausted from an all night history essay? Or from a three hour volleyball practice? No - suffocated by her tight, form-fitting, blue spray-ons.

Kathy came to us in grade four and has since then become somewhat of a legend. She has always succeeded in achieving the highest average in the class, a standard she richly deserves. Kathy has been an active member of both the senior basketball and volleyball teams and will long be remembered as the only girl who jumps for a spike. Although uncertain as to her career, 1986 is sure to find Kathy on the honour roll at Dal. We wish Kathy success in whatever direction she chooses to go.



James Garnett

"Don't do today what you can put off till tomorrow"
anonymous

Despite the word nothing that came as an answer to my inquiry as to what James has achieved in his years at the Grammar School, I discovered that this was not the case. James's work habits would seem to qualify him as a future banker with hours strictly between nine and four, five days a week. James has been an active member of all the sports teams of the school. His skill, his sporting abilities and his keen wit poke through a blanket of heavy metal. This blanket has preserved his sanity in this neo-romantic institution. "Been nice knowin' ya bud."



Dawnie Ho

"Beauty is something which is left to the imagination"
anonymous

Dawnie Ho is definitely one of the prime-time Casanovas in the school, although he leaves his mark primarily on girls of eastern extraction. Amiable, artistic and excessively romantic due to a genetic accident, he will nonetheless be missed after his premature death. But he cannot possibly live long, the way he operates. Harmless around males of any species, he has however accomplished his life-long ambition of knowing personally every Chinese girl in Halifax and Dartmouth. Smart without obvious intelligence, he has a case of chronic lateness but he can sweet talk his way out of anything. He could sell Walkmans to penguins.





Tony Ho

“Success comes from working hard, failure comes from playing around”
A Chinese Saying

“You can be a tutor for math, but you have to take an English tutorial first.” Tony is an intelligent guy. Many hard problems that come up in mathematics class, Tony is the only one who is able to solve them. But on the other hand, he has to show up on every cycle day for English and History. He is well respected by his other classmates, indeed, very, very popular on a day when a mathematics assignment is due.

Nadine Wathen

“Is there life on Mars?”
David Bowie

This wild Barbarian began attending this institution in grade ten. During her three years here she has become Grammarized - a model student. She has partaken of badminton, volleyball, and basketball, learned to survive the school's unique and renowned dances, acquired a car, and made many friends. Her worldly sense of humour has lightened many classes and the art sketch trips, on which she took two of her best friends - Tyrone and Willemena. She has made it possible for many of her fellow students to enjoy those subjects for which they have little interest.

Nadine's goal in life is to lead an exciting and contented existence. Therefore do not be shocked if you find her in a picture of Bowie groupies.

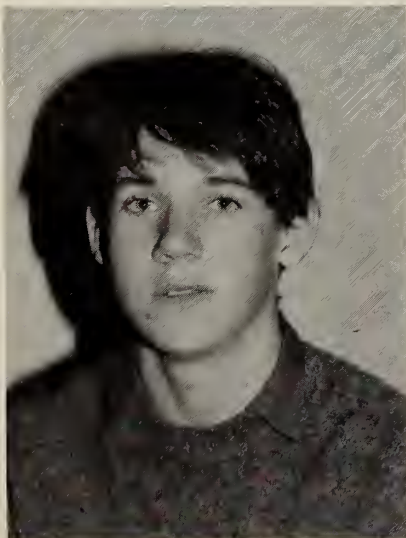
Farewell Nadine and good luck in your future education, business career, and life.



Graham Hooper

“Imagination is more important than knowledge.”
Albert Einstein

Graham Hooper has been attending the Halifax Grammar School since grade eight. He is our local comedian and always has something cheerful to add, especially during wabbit season. Graham has grown only a few inches since he first joined us, but he has learned to overcome his misfortune. He has been involved in school sports such as volleyball, soccer and rugby. His sadistic nature in the fortune and subsequent death of his fish. Graham will always be remembered for his great efforts at French (his favourite subject), especially during the French Exchange when his amazing fluency in the language bowled us all over. Every lunch hour Graham tries to impress us with his piano playing and has usually been successful. He has plans of going into architecture, but has no university in mind. Graham is a character we will miss. Good luck in your future, Graham!



Patrick Keefe

“The mind, once expanded to the dimensions of new ideas, never returns to its original size.”

Oliver W. Holmes

Patrick Keefe has served a twelve year prison sentence at the Halifax Grammar School. During these years he excelled in his sports and social life. For the past three years Patrick has been on the soccer, volleyball and basketball captaining volleyball and basketball for the past two years. His volleyball skills have earned him a berth on the provincial Canada Games Team, and several Canadian and American universities have expressed an interest in him. Patrick will be remembered by his classmates in the years to come for his extensive social life; his popularity with women is well known. So Patrick, go forth, party and prosper!



Richard Lankester

“Love is special, do not waste it.”
anonymous

During Richard's six years at the Grammar School, he has developed into a fine young man. Though not the type to assert himself among his classmates, his contribution academically and otherwise is deeply appreciated. Without saying much he has earned the respect of his teachers, peers and friends. He is a well rounded individual with a great sense of humour, and with that he has great hope for the future.

7 yrs @ HGS
entered P6
1978.

Steven Lowcock

“The best quotes are not quotable”
Steven Lowcock

Although Steven has an oriental face, he is Scottish. He possesses the characters of both the Chinese and Scots. Because of his fluency in both English and Cantonese, he always acts as an ambassador of the West and the East. In other words, he is a translator whether in Hong Kong or in Halifax. Steven has adapted very well to his new surroundings, achieving a high academic standard and recently acquiring a leading role in the school's drama production.



Paul MacNeil



“All the world’s a stage; so while you’re on it live life to the fullest”
anonymous

Paul MacNeil has been one of the notable members of our class since grade six when his sentence at H.G.S began. Since then he has been a member of the Student Council and a valuable member of the volleyball, soccer and basketball teams. Paul is also an accomplished swimmer and has been the captain of Acadia for the past two years. Paul’s witty comments are normally appreciated most by himself, and could only be smothered by reminding Paul that he declared 1984: “the year of the marriage”. Paul’s grade twelve spirit normally found him either slaving over an essay in the library or participating in the class’ favourite pastime: partying. Through all his fast paced life, Paul has remained a warm hearted guy that always had an open ear for his friends. We leave Paul in his car cruising Halifax with a blonde beauty at his elbow. He is bound to be successful and plans to enjoy life.

Roger Mills

“There are many ways of life, there are many fine beauties. But there is only one freedom.”

Roger Mills

Roger likes people but he is prepared to be critical of them. This easy going guy shows his displeasure with his peers in his own frank manner. Basketball, poetry and soccer are his favourite hobbies. Moreover Roger would not be able to survive without his regular deep conversation with whomever he manages to entice into a debate. Roger could be said to be quite a soccer buff if he were on the right team. He is a strong personality in our class and one that would be impossible to replace.



Anthony Novac

“The opera ain’t over ’till the fat lady sings!”
anonymous

For twelve long, long years, Anthony has been a ray of hope that, yes we too, can be as ritzy and fashion conscious as he is. His clothing and hairstyles have left a lasting impression on the rest of us. As well as being among the fashion elite Anthony has participated in practically every sport in our school, and is renowned for his skill, prowess, and incredibly muscular legs. He has attained a high athletic standing. When we remember Anthony, however, it will be his fanatic love for skiing. We recall how on many a boring winter day, members of Upper Six sat glued to their chairs listening to Anthony reminisce about heart stopping times when he challenged many a slope in the Swiss Alps. We will always remember Anthony as an important part of our class.



Andrew Oland

“I can’t resist anything but temptation”

Oscar Wilde

Andrew has spent all of his secondary education at the Halifax Grammar School with much success. In grades eight, nine and eleven he served as class representative to the Student Council. In grade ten he was treasurer and during his final year he has taken the responsibility of President. During his years he has earned great respect from both teachers and students. Apart from his pleasing academic performance he is also involved in basketball, soccer and rugby. Outside of the school he is an avid sailor. Andrew’s proficiency in both academics and sports earned him the Lieutenant Governor’s Award for all round excellence in grade eleven. One would think that with all his extracurricular activities he would have a non-existent social life, but this is not so. Andrew’s shy and sensitive act, has earned him much popularity with girls.



Brigid Mary Roscoe

“To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.”

Ecclesiastes 3:1

Nobody in this class could imagine life without Brigid, as she has been at the Grammar School for twelve years, something of which she is proud, I am sure. Brigid is renowned for her warm relationships with math teachers, not to mention any names, and for her tendency to voice her opinions. But no, she is not just a girl with her head on her shoulders, she is also ‘Joe Sportsman’ and will undoubtedly, at some point run a babysitting service. Many times Brigid has provided her friends with cheerful support and help. Brigid’s experience as co-editor of THE GRAMMARIAN last year, has left many wonderful?? memories and has moulded Brigid’s natural qualities as a leader, which enhanced her roll as coach of the junior girls’ basketball team. In a word, Brigid is indispensable. Queens has a certain appeal to her, although why she doesn’t know. Don’t change Brigid, keep smiling and best of luck. We won’t forget you.



Allyson Simmie

“Are we touching on the atomic level?”

Mark MacNeil

Seeking refuge, from some of her more violent peers at Alexandra Allyson came to us in grade five. She still lives at her Brunswick Street home which is now closely guarded by a twenty-four foot attack snake. Although Allyson has never followed the traditional, path of a Grammar School student she still plays a key role in the lives of her school friends, especially one grade eleven student. Allyson is a member of the dramatic society, and the theatrical skills which she has acquired have often helped her through volley-grudge matches, the hectic schedule of an assistant secretary and Miss Silver’s famous Wednesday afternoon art classes. The latter being the testing ground for Allyson’s “fake it till you make it” attitude, which has resulted in many humorous, refreshing and sometimes just plain fresh comments. This and her well used artistic license will be a definite asset in whatever she decides to do. Good-luck.



Tanja Swart

"To be, in faith, both humble and proud; that is, to live, to know that in God I am nothing, but that God is in me"

Dag Hammarskjöld

Tanja has been with us since grade five, and during that time she has always been a stable influence in the class. She has been one of the most conscientious and considerate students. To those who don't know her, she is often perceived as a quiet pleasant girl. However, those of us who know her a little better have grown to fear her crazy moods and mischievous nature. When not working at "the bus" in Sears, Tanja is really involved with her church and her piano playing. Tanja is thinking of language or journalism. We will all miss Tanja's smile and her pleasant nature and wish her luck in whatever she decides to do.



Faith Wallace

"If you can't convince'm, confuse'm."

Jim Davis

Having completed eleven years at the Grammar School, Faith has, more or less, become a fixture in these hallowed halls. Will she leave behind Super Frog and emerge as one of the country's great artists? This question has yet to be answered, but it is undeniable that whatever she undertakes in life, she is bound to start! But Faith's personality is much less uncertain. Having survived these eleven years under the influence of fun-loving people, David Bowie fanatics and generally lazy procrastinators, Faith has remained stolid and hardworking. She has been captain of the unruly volleyball team, and a member of the hapless basketball team. Faith has taken part in most aspects of school life and is one out of the memorable characters. Have fun Faith and good luck!



Laurel Weldon

"Oh wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! And yet again wonderful! And after that out of whooping."

William Shakespeare

Laurel has been a cheerful inhabitant of the Grammar School for the past five years. I am sure everyone will agree that she has been a constant source of amusement and encouragement; who in a most admirable manner, nearly always has a good word for everyone. Occasional fits of hysteria are not uncommon; just about anything is funny and a bag of chip foam is capable of rendering Laurel incapacitated with laughter. In contrast, she is a diligent student and has always achieved high marks, quite out of character with the rest of our class. Do not be led astray by this apparently sweet and innocent bundle of joy. She can be particularly vicious, especially when she has not had enough sleep. Laurel has been an asset to the drama club and is known for her "black fly" playing of volleyball and basketball. Whatever Laurel chooses to be; be it a lawyer, teacher, or mountaineer, we know her endearing personality will take her far.



Micheal West

“Cynical, that’s my fascination”
E.K. Hornbeck, (INHERIT THE WIND)

Mike has been labelled as the class cynic and does not seem too ashamed of the title. When I asked him what I was to write about him, he told me not to forget his magnificent good looks, jovial sense of humour, delicate handling of people’s feelings, and his fine grasp of the English language. As me looks at Mike’s character in perspective, no one will disagree with me when I say that he achieves success in his fields of study and interest while appearing to do nothing at all! Mike has many extracurricular activities and other extra-extra ones that I will not bore the reader by mentioning. We have been lucky enough to have Mike at the school for the past two years. He has been an important member of the dramatic society, soccer team, and last year, the captain of the rugby team. Mike plans to attend university next year, pursuing a career in heaven knows what, but we wish him the best of luck in his endeavours.





*Prep
School*

Primary



BACK ROW: Andrew Aja, Jessica Graham, Alicia Milles, Andrea Miller, Daniel Franklin, Denis MacNeil, Andrew Lindsay, Andrew Oland, Jason Baillie.
FRONT ROW: Joseph Rosenburg, Mark Sullivan, Mark Henderson, Jennifer Chetwynd, Ian Caines, Nicola Goudy, Kimberley Laurence, Erika Wilson, Jamie Mays.

NICOLA TAMIEA LILIA TARA
ANDREA JESSICA JONATHAN
DANIEL ANDREW L MARKS
IAN ANDREW OT JONATHAN
ERIKA JENNIFER
MARK DENIS KEVIN
ANDREW KIM

Prep 1



BACK ROW: Suzannah Robertson, Alexander Wilson, Genevieve Mastrapis, Jennifer DeGrasse, John Belliveau, Christopher Coxon, Adrian Newman, Sean MacLure, Emily Thompson, Emma Townsend-Gault.

FRONT ROW: Marcy Laing, Emily Southwood, Peter Brannon, David Lankester, Julie Henderson, Liza Piper, Scott McCormack, Billy Nikolaou, Ian Smith, Ryan King.

The class would not be the same without ...

Genevieve Bain - the zoo books
Peter Brannon - work
Christopher Coxon - people
Jennifer DeGrasse - cubbies that are messy!
Julie Henderson - did you ever see books
Ryan King - math papers
Marcy Laing - painting pictures
David Lankester - our rhyming work
Sean MacLure - the supermarket
Georgina Mastrapas - books to read
Scott McCormack - our math workjobs
Adrian Newmann - a math station
Billy Nikalaou - numbers make pictures
Liza Piper - crafts
Suzannah Robertson - our grouchy ladybugs
Jan Smith - our sharing
Emily Southwood - all the talking
Emily Thompson - popping popcorn
Emma Townsend-Gault - cooking great gorpies
Alexander Wilson - making mister men

Prep 2



BACK ROW: Mrs. Lewis, Kate Perry, Molly Grindley, Jennifer Franklin, David Rapson, Martin Laycock, Michael Seringhaus, Mark Lindsay, Kerry Kindred.

FRONT ROW: Eriskay Liston, Colin MacDonald, Andrew Barker, Michael Tucker, Mete Erdogan, Tim Southwood, Craig Silverman, Andrew McFarlane, Bradley McCallum.

If I could have any wish in the world, I would wish ...

Andrew Barker - that I was the best in the world
Mete Erdogan - that I could command the whole world
Jennifer Franklin - that this school was only for girls
Molly Grindley - that I had all the wishes in the world
Kerry Kindred - my stuffed bunny to be real
Martin Laycock - for all the G.I. Joes that I needed
Mark Lindsay - that I could go for a ride on a wild bull
Eriskay Liston - for a wish whenever I want it
Bradley McCallum - that I was a ninja
Colin MacDonald - for a waterbed
Andrew McFarlane - that I could be a cartoon called Dungeons and Dragons
Kate Perry - that I had a big garden with lots of flowers in it
David Rapson - that I could make as many wishes as I want.
Michael Seringhaus - for an electronic car that could do anything
Craig Silverman - that my cat and dog would live forever
Tim Southwood - that I was the best hockey player in the world.
Michael Tucker - that I had all the money in the world.



Prep 3

BACK ROW: Nat Pearre, Jason King, Jason Bigio, Geoffrey Archibald, Anne Totten.

MIDDLE ROW: Matthew Blouin, James Dodds, Tova Rosenberg, Emma Penick, Jeff Parker, Harold Roscoe.

FRONT ROW: Mrs. Murray, Christine Hollett, Tony Barresi, Ata Erdogan, Jamie Stoltz, Paul Murphy, Tina Piper.

What this school really needs is ...

Geoffrey - more science experiments.

Tony - more trips out of town.

Jason B. - a T.V. for everybody in the school.

Matthew - another gym.

James - a Christmas holiday five weeks long.

Ata - all play and no work.

Christine - horseback riding in the back field.

Jason K. - tarantulas and sabre-toothed tigers.

Paul - no more spelling.

Jeff - junkfood stores and a swimming pool.

Nat - other kinds of lessons such as piano and karate.

Emma - more reading, writing, math and gym.

Tina - more free time and a pop machine.

Harold - a computer for everybody.

Tova - a cafeteria where we could buy watermelon.

Jamie - video games like Pac Man and Frogger.

Anne - more guinea pigs, dogs and goldfish.

Prep 4



BACK ROW: Trudi Miller, Graham Aldrich, Gabrielle Bain, Samir Awad, Aaron Dickson, Brent MacDonald, James Liston, Tim Morgan.

MIDDLE ROW: Mrs. Smith, Gillian Byrne, Kristen Matthews, Meghan Dorware, Sarah Whitehead, Kendal Vogan, Allyson Franklin, Tricia Joyce, Kate Grindley.

FRONT ROW: Lesley Jackson, Joy Laing, Beth Pyesmany, David McFarlane, Douglas Penick, Matthew Thompson, Matthew Thompson, Laura Waters, Bessy Nikolaou.

This class would be dull without ...

Samir - science.
Gabrielle - classwork.
Jill- the skipping club.
Aaron - drama.
Meghan - girls.
Allyson - chatter-box Bessy.
Katy - Mrs. Smith.
Lesley - composition.
Tricia - housepoints.
Joy - Mrs. Smith.
James - lunch break.
Brent - being able to draw torture machines.
David - Mrs. Smith's impossible homework.
Kristen - gym, composition, choir, my friends and me.
Tim - composition.
Bessy - Allyson's weird comments.
Douglas - Mrs. Smith.
Beth - drama.
Matthew D.T. - Tim.
Matthew E.T. - James.
Laura - the skipping club.
Kendal - Mrs. Smith.
Trudi - the noise of the garbage truck.



Prep 5

BACK ROW: Gray Miles, Corey Matthews, Kathleen Murphy, James Sampson, David Keefe, John Rice, Michael McDougall, Mathias Michalon-Flikeid.

MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Serebrin, Trevor Greenwood, Ben Pearre, Arun Goomar, Troy Holness, Warren Auld, Aaron Hurst, Nicholas Graham, Rachel Jones.

FRONT ROW: Anne Beale, Emma Haggart, Leif Englund, Lars Mitchell, Ben Moore, Adrian Cameron, Jenny Silverman, Heather Rapson, Margie May, Judy Halebsky.

IF ...

Warren A. - I were in Hawaii I would be on a beach swimming.

Anne B. - I could have my wish I would wish for money.

Adrian C. - I ruled the world, I would abolish the making of nuclear weapons.

Leif E. -?

Arun G. - I were in charge of the world, there would be no such thing as tax.

Nicholas G. - I didn't have to do this I still would because I like writing.

Trevor G. - I were in charge of the school, we would only work from 8:30-12:30.

Emma H. - I were in charge of the school, I would make the girls' changing room bigger.

Judy H. - I were in charge of prep 5, I would see more films.

Troy H. - Mr. Serebrin eliminated detentions, there wouldn't be any joy in his life.

Aaron H. - I ran the school, I would get everyone to write a novel.

Rachel J. - Queensland beach had no jellyfish, I'd like it a whole lot more.

David K. - I ran the school, I would give twenty-seven computers to prep 5.

Corey M. - I didn't have to write this, I could stop wishing my pencil would break.

Margie M. - I didn't have to write this I'd be writing my book report.

Michael M. - I were in charge of the world, school would be two hours.

Mathias M. - I were in charge of prep 5, silent reading would be an hour long.

Gray M. - I had a wish I would wish for more wishes.

Lars. M. - I didn't have to write this I'd be listening to Mr. Serebrin saying "you're fried!"

Ben M. - Mr. Serebrin ran the school, no one would be allowed to go to the washroom.

Kathleen M. - I had a wish I'd wish for a thousand more wishes.

Ben P. - I had a wish I'd wish for an infinite amount of wishes.

Heather R. - I were in charge of prep 5, I would have more days of gymnastics.

John R. - I didn't have to write this I would be worrying about what to write for the Grammarian.

James S. - I were in charge of the world, I would have billions of games for C.64.

Jenny S. - I didn't have to write this, I'd be doing math; that's why I'm writing this!

Prep 6



BACK ROW: Kabir Ravindra, Allison Cooper, Jennifer Archibald, Zareen Ahamd, Nora Pysemany, Melissa Caines, Clea Kindred, Beverley Williams, Jane Gould.

MIDDLE ROW: Gaesar Mukpo, Christina Horne, Sumeet Bahtia, Felix Omolayole, Athanasios Kartsaklis, Andy Kim, Sean Kirby, Nate Dorward.

FRONT ROW: Ariz David, Daniel Byrne, Luke Merrian, Scott Thompson, Paul Simms, Paul Baskett, Kevin Ramsey, Chris Simmons.

My life is remarkable for ...

Jennifer A. - never being dull.

Zareen A. - actually living through the afternoon of nothing but science.

Paul B. - anything.

Sumeet B. - the crazy jokes.

Daniel B. - making wine.

Melissa C. - just waiting for the week to end.

Allison C. - a crazy year that I did not expect.

Ariz D. - Mr. Lankester's corny jokes!!!!

Nate D. - Mr. Lankester's funny (?) jokes.

Jane G. - making lots of good friends.

Christina H. - for having lots of fun and learning what my mother wants me to.

Athanasios K. - Mr. Lankester's dry jokes.

Andy K. - actually having more fun.

Clea K. - British jokes and having fun.

Sean K. - having so many boring classes.

Luke M. - the jokes and other crazy things.

Gaesar M. - seeing Mr. Lankester do crazy things.

Felix O. - making jokes that are not funny.

Nora P. - teachers who tell jokes and jump on chairs.

Kevin R. - being me.

Kabir R. - being supremely boring.

Andrew S. - Mr. Lankester's spelling test pass marks.

Chris S. - my appreciation for weekends.

Paul S. - Mr. Lankester's cheap jokes.

Scott T. - mind racking and boring.

Beverly W. - being with a good teacher who has a sense of humour.





*Upper
School*

Upper I



BACK ROW: Chris Lankester, Kaljo Weldon, Michael Barker, Brian Audain, Daniel Thompson, Traci Boswell, George Nickdaou, Nick Imrie, Andrew Jackson.

MIDDLE ROW: Chris Stairs, Mark McCallam, Michael Cowie, Asim Wali, Kelcey Parker, Joan Grndley, Sally Nanton, Arthur Davis.

FRONT ROW: Toni Fried, Suzanne Godsoe, Tami Meretsky, Kelly Murphy, Sarah Newman, Suzie Abbot, Malve Petorsmann.

This class would not be the same without ...

Susie's - weirdness.
Brian's - bets.
Michael's - heftiness.
Traci's - singing voice.
Michael's - thoughts of the universe.
Arthur's - head gear.
Toni's - pencil case.
Suzanne's - liberalism.
Jean's - tinyness.
Dan's - mouth.
Nick's - paper airplanes.
Andrew's - logic.
Chris's - hair.
Mark's - printer.
Tami's - flourescent pink beret.
Kelly's - curly locks.
Sally's - big eyes.
Sarah's - smile.
George's - metal head.
Kelcey's - junkbox.
Malve's - German scarf.
Chris's - politics.
Daniel's - graffiti.
Kaljo's - gobstoppers.
Drummond's - impressions.
Asim's - "but, but."
Mrs. DeGrasse's - headbobbing.



Upper 2



BACK ROW: Mishko Hansen, Jonathan Cook, Billy Said, Kevin Gibson, Bobby Carter, Grant Wong, Adrian Wild, Micheal Risley.
MIDDLE ROW: Katy Laycock, Micheal Kiang, Chris Jeans, Jean-Paul Bewers, Jason Holt, Andrea McCulloch, Karen Thomas, Stephanie Cooper, Clare Roscoe.
FRONT ROW: Felix Batcup, Gillian Mann, Laura Brayton, Allison Fairhurst, JoAnna Murphy, Elaina Bhattacharyya, Jennifer Smith, Paula Hopkins.

This class wouldn't be the same without...

Felix's racehorse pictures; "my love, my life, my horse..."
Jean-Paul's need for communication.
Elaina's talkativeness.
Laura's obsession with Sid Vicious.
Bob's nine course lunches.
Jonathan's plaid Polo shirts.
Stephanie's invisible glasses.
Allison's Duran Duran pencil case.
Kevin's incomparable combat pants.
Mishko's sandwiches.
Jason's baseball and hockey cards.
Paula's heavy metal mouth.
Chris' suitcase.
Micheal's brilliance.
Katy's need for chlorine.
Gill's orange converse.
Andrea's unknown sickness.
Jo-Jo's kittens and rabbits and birds and hamsters and...
Micheal's parachute pants.
Clare's sign language.
Bill's uncontrollable laughter.
Jennifer's wild earrings.
Karen's red shoes.
Adrian's computer craze.
Grant's Seattle Seahawks shirt.



Upper 3



BACK ROW: Rob Plowman, Mark Hoffer-Wathen, Colin Audoin, Eric Bloch, Michael Stephens, Troy Dolomont, Matthew Oland, Paul Burnell.

MIDDLE ROW: Claude Robillard, Evan Jones, Stephanie Barbara, Cathy Novac, Munju Ravindra, Julia Gaede, Kersti Tacreiter, Bridget Byrne, Rosemary Michalski, Alison Murray.

FRONT ROW: Danny Rees, Carmen MacInnis, Michelle Horacek, Holly McCurdy, Al Davis, Christy Nicholson, Victor Bigio, Matthew O'Halloran.

Upper 3 quotes of 1984-85...

Colin "I don't understand"
Stephanie "Late slip please"
Al "I'm not nervous I'm just stupid"
Rob "Basically"
Eric "You Quagmire!"
Evan "Let's go to the opera Kersti"
Matthew O "Ah Hell!"
Matthew O'H "SQUEAK"
Claude "What did you call me?"
Victor "Here have my food"
Mark "Good gravy man!"
Rosemary "I'm so beautiful!"
Kersti "Why sure Evan dear"
Julia "None of your business!"
Alison "Shave your head not your legs."
Michelle "I am not from Ethiopia!"
Carmen "My retainer is in the garbage!!!"
Christy "Madonna-Like a Virgin."
Holly "Right Mrs. Scobbie."
Munju "Kiddies"
Bridget "Space, the final frontier."
Michael "WHARF-BUSTER!!!"
Danny "Go to for two."
Troy "Star Trek action wear."
Paul "The Moose is loose!"
Cathy "Get your hands off me!"



Upper 4



BACK ROW: Gavin Murphy, Mike Hopkins, Linda Barker, D'arcy Byrne, André Belcourt.

MIDDLE ROW: Hilary Atherton, Roger Porter, John Cameron, Edward Rees, Ken Schwartz, David Robertson.

FRONT ROW: Colin Bernard, Susan Halebsky, Lee Rodney, Laura Hooper, Jonathan Meretsky, Nancy Fraser, Patrick Oland.

The class of Upper Four would not be the same without...

Hilary's beret and Frankie propaganda.

Linda's addiction to Dave.

André's lunch.

Colin's cosmetic bag and let's not forget his love for Rita.

D'Arcy's drip dry hair.

John's strive for perfection.

Nancy's trendy haircut.

Susan's "Real Life".

Betsy's ability to identify with trees.

Laura and her fluffy jokes.

Michael's jealousy of Rita (for Colin).

Jonathan's ideas of no life after money.

Gavin & David's computer brains.

Roger's bod.

Patrick's bum.

Edward's two-tone carpet.

Lee's "cycle-logical" block.

Ken's GQ wardrobe.



Upper 5



BACK ROW: Sean Llewellyn, David Keith, Paul Bhattacharyya, Peter Thomas, Sydney Tan, Tom McPhee, Roger Baskett.

MIDDLE ROW: Anthony West, Peyman Zarrindast, Minga O'Brien, Aaron Bihari, Johanna Steffen, Walter Kemp, David Gray.

FRONT ROW: John Peter Beale, Jay Ferguson, Matthew Murphy, Sarah Burns, Chris Robertson, Neil McCulloch, Paul Lalonde.

Famous Upper Five quotes of 1984-85...

Roger (Rone) “*°£%@¢” I forgot my quote!”

John Peter (Beale) “O my Gosh!”

Paul (Bat) “Okay, ah.....um.....er....ah.....”

Aaron (Air) “Nose Power!!!”

Sarah (Wingnut) “Call me wheeha! Do you like this Rogey Bear?”

Jay (Jay) “It was delicious!”

Dave (Daive) “aaaha Woo-oo”

Kristen (Prud) “Oh my Goad!”

Walter (Sly) “I’m so sly!”

Paul (Sweet Pee) “Where do you Anglos get your hats? Canadian Tire. Where else can you buy block heaters!”

Sean (Lou) “Ehey.....! I win...!!!”

Neil (Squeek) “Whad-ee say?”

Tom (Mr. T) “I got the keys!”

Matthew (Scrawn) “You don’t know?!”

Minga (Minger) “Meeeee!?”

Chris (Chimmie) “I know!”

Sydney (Sid) “Hello!”

Peter (Pete) “RELAX!!! I’m doing my math. Somebody hit him!”

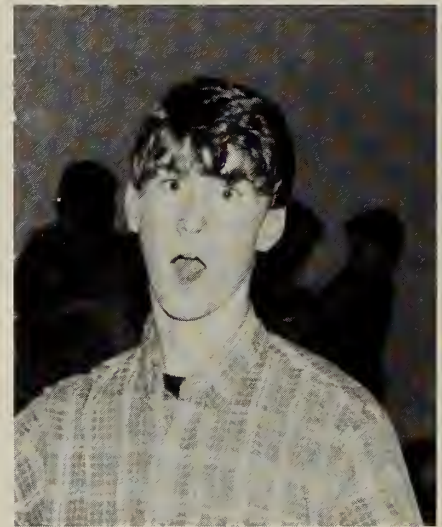
George (Wang) “Umgee ah...huhuhuh..ah....”

Anthony (Antman) “Gee Tom!”

David (Combat Dave) “Is there life after Rugby?”

Johanna (Hanner) “Buzz off!”





Literature
of
1985

Prep

2, 3, 4

RED BREASTED ROBIN

Red breasted robin
Sitting on the window sill,
So full of himself.

Matthew D. Thompson
Prep 4
1st Prize

WAVES SPLASH THE SEASHORE

Waves splash the seashore
And tumble back in again,
Waving the seaweed.

Samir Awad
Prep 4
2nd Prize

SNOW

How fluffy it is!
Just like a summer cloud.
White like a dove
It floats down to the earth.
Once on the ground,
It looks delicate and fresh.

Tricia Joyce
Prep 4
3rd Prize

IF I COULD FLY

If I could fly,
I'd look at the ground,
And then all around,
I'd look at the birds in front of me,
I'd see someone jump with glee,
If I could fly.

Matthew E. Thompson
Prep 4
3rd Prize

THE DISASTER

One day Albert Einstein, the genius, discovered an equation for matter to change into anti-matter. The army used the idea and decided to make.... an atomic bomb! The army did not delay progress in the making of the test bomb. The test bomb was finally ready. The warning flare was fired. Scientists were in concrete bunkers on the north, south and west of the test bomb.

It was dropped. It blew up the test tower and made everyone think "This will surely stop the war."

The next few months were non-stop work. Finally it was ready-the world's first atomic bomb.

Hiroshima, the target, was not so lucky. I would have prayed for cloudy skies, because if it were cloudy they could not drop it. The captain told everyone if anyone wanted to stop they could because the bomb was as strong as twenty thousand tons of T.N.T.!

They went to an island near Japan, and dropped the bomb. It sounded like a thousand elephants. The smoke went up in the form of a mushroom. One person was sitting on some stairs and if you had been watching, everything except where the person was sitting, would have been bleached. The person was vaporized.

Trudi Miller
Prep 4
Honourable Mention

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING SNAIL

Mom, Claire and I were out for a walk. On our way home we saw a snail ooching up a driveway. We looked at it for awhile. Then my Mom picked it up with my glove and put it in the bag we had hanging at the back of the stroller, with some dead leaves and grass. We continued to walk home with the snail, but as we walked on, it ooched up the bag. It was not a third up the bag when we reached our house. We quickly put it on a big platter from the kitchen. First it did not wink an eye, but when it realized its freedom, it crawled all over the platter in delight. Then I said, "Claire, can you say snail?" After a moment, the puzzled Claire said, "Nail!"

A few minutes later my Dad came home. I rushed to greet him and I said, "We have a real snail in the kitchen!" "A real live one - a live one?" "Yes", said I. "Oh! Let's see it!" "Okay! Come on! Come see!" I led my Dad down to the kitchen. I wanted to tell my Dad about it, but Claire was saying "Nail!" so loudly, that I couldn't possibly.

The next morning when I woke up, everyone was in the kitchen, crawling around. Claire came rushing up the hall, crying out, "Nail gone! Nail gone!" Sure enough, it had crawled into our mouse's poison tray and died.

Michael Seringhaus
Prep 2
Honourable Mention

THE TRIP TO HIPEAOTHEO

Kevin was sitting by the lake. He was with his pet cat Sven. He was letting his feet hang into the water. He was doing this because he was stung by a bee. Kevin also had a big swarm of mosquitoes all around his head. The world would be a lot better if there were no insects. Pretending Sven could talk. Then Kevin felt a funny tingling all around him. The next thing he knew he and Sven were in another place. In this place the insects were as big as him. Then some ants said "I am going to take you to court!" There was a praying mantis there. Kevin declared he was guilty and then was eaten up.

Tony Barresi
Prep 3
Honourable Mention

CAT'S EYES!

Cat's eyes
Looking everywhere
Widening, narrowing
Up and down lights.

Tova Rosenberg
Prep 3
Honourable Mention

Prep *5, 6*

ANGUS

His head is too big and covered in hair,
(The hair on his back has gone elsewhere).
He's fourteen years old and smothered in fleas
He barks to get out; Oh Angus PLEASE!
He's deaf to all but the word 'turkey'
Which he guzzles and gobbles and gluts with glee.
He has a permanent limp but a wagging tail
He jumps around (except in hail).
When Ginger leaps upon his back
Angus gives forth a tremendous hack.
Then clumsily he hops to bed,
Falling asleep on his fuzzy head.

Corey Matthews
Prep 5
1st Prize

THE HALIFAX MAN

One day far, far away a little girl was in her backyard swinging on her swing, singing a song, when out of the garden shed popped a little man. Samantha didn't see this little man at first because as she was swinging she always closed her eyes. She opened them right away, though, when the swing beside her began to move. She let out a little scream when she saw what was sitting beside her. The little man was sitting on the swing looking up at her. They stared at each other for a while in astonishment. Finally one of them spoke.

"Hello," he said.

Samantha was startled by the voice. "Um, hello..." she managed to say. After a pause Samantha asked him who he was and where he had come from. He said that he was a magic man from Halifax and his name was Harold.

Samantha then told him her name and asked him why he had just come out of her shed.

He answered by saying that magic men usually live in sheds, either that, or caves, and the reason that he had come out was because she was singing his song (which happened to be Hot Cross Buns). What happens when you sing his song, you ask? Very simple, you get three wishes.

"Well, just let me think..." said Samantha when she heard this.

"My first wish...is that I would like that tree over there in the corner to be filled with candy and good things to eat all year round. And I'm the only person who can eat them unless I give other people permission, please."

"Very well," said Harold as he waved his magic stick and said these magic words; "Simba, Dimba, Bucka, Fimba."

Samantha looked over in the corner and there stood her first wish, a candy tree. She ran over and pulled off a lollipop.

"Your second wish?" asked Harold. Next she wanted there to be a Disney World in her city. Harold said his magic words again, and waved his magic stick...and presto; over the top of Samantha's house you could see the top of the Magic Kingdom.

"Wow," said Samantha, "Thanks. I know what I'm going to ask for my last wish; five more wishes, Harold."

"O.K." said Harold. "By Samantha..." and he then vanished into thin air.

"Come back soon," she said just before he disappeared.

"I will," she heard in the breeze.

Nora Pyesmany
Prep 6
2nd Prize

CHESTNUT BEST NUT

It is hiding
encased in a prickly green shell,
which is soft and thorny.

It burst out.

It is round and hard,
a shining stone of wood grain
feels cold, hard and smooth,
tastes like a potato when cooked.
And later you can play konkers.

David Keefe
Prep 5
3rd Prize

TIME

It goes fast in a test
and slow waiting for a bus,
but time is the only thing
that will make me do my homework.

Judy Halebsky
Prep 5
Honourable Mention

SLAV

The drops of beating rain,
Crash against my window pane,
Just below my window sill,
They collect before they spill.
The sun was nowhere to be seen,
From behind the clouds came How you been?

Paul Baskett
Prep 6
Honourable Mention

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN IN FRONT OF THE T.V.

Something you will always see at 7:00 a.m. on a Saturday morning, is a little boy all huddled up with a yellow blanket with white stripes. He is slumped in front of the T.V. He is leaning on his cheeks and his eyes glued to the T.V. set. He is smiling, obviously enjoying the program. His beloved characters parade in front of him and nobody, in the whole wide world is disturbing him. You can tell this is his time.

Athanasios Kartsaklis
Prep 6
Honourable Mention

Upper 1, 2, 3

WORTH THE WAIT

Onion-like it sits in soil.
Daily the watch, weekly the toil.
The bulbous being stirs
Beyond the eye of the gardener.

Sturdy roots take hold below,
Pointed shoots begin to grow.
The bulbous being stirs
Half in the eye of the gardener.

A swathe of leaves stretch upward
Enfolding the rigid stem
Which grows on up and onward
Holding the vermillion gem.
The bulbous being stirs
In full view of the eager gardener.

Now it displays in the room,
The amaryllis in bloom.
The bulbous being stirs
Giving its gift to the grateful gardener.

Nicholas Imrie
Upper 1
2nd Prize

THE CAT

Fleet of foot
Deft of paw
Sleek as night
Bright as dawn
Ever prowling
Ever still
Sitting on the window sill
So conceited
So self-assured
Sitting there without a word
With strange eyes that speak of secrets
This is the cat
Through and through.

Mishko Hansen
Upper 2
1st Prize

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

He looked out of his designated dormitory. He had turned twenty-one on that day, but nobody knew. He was surprised he even remembered himself. He saw the women's dormitory in the distance as he got his clothes on. He used to have longings for them as he saw them moving along their way, but those had long passed. He trudged down to the mess hall area. The hallway was bland and poorly lighted but there was nothing much to see anyway. He took his self-preservation tablets and started off for his fourteen hour work day at the sanitation block; one of the only industries which had survived. As he walked through the outdoors, he wondered what the sun looked like over all those never leaving clouds. In the sanitation block the people walked around like zombies; he figured that was what he looked like too. As he shoveled the rubbish into the huge furnaces he prayed that someday everything would end, and he would finally have permanent rest. But he and everyone else in that block knew that the year was 2253, the war was over, and communism was there to stay.

Mark Wathen
Upper 3
3rd Prize

THE GAME OF LIFE

Let me off
Stop playing
I quit
No one is going by the rules
People shouldn't starve
Or live in sorrow
Or die
But nobody seems to hear me,
Why?

Elaina Bhattacharyya
Upper 2
Honourable Mention

I saw the shadow of a thing
A smooth thing,
A plastic thing,
A shaven thing,
A molded thing,
An unnatural thing,
A bare thing,
A cold thing,
A painted thing,
...was this thing a woman?

Alison Murray
Upper 3
Honourable Mention

CHANCE

You are happy
I am sad
You are rich
I am poor
You are healthy
I am dying
We are only by chance
Us.

Elaina Bhattacharyya
Upper 2
Honourable Mention

LONELINESS

I have felt lonely
And all by myself,
Just like the jar upon my shelf.

I feel lonely in my room,
Alone, away from my brothers
And when my parents aren't home.

Though it is peaceful, sunny and bright
It's too, too quiet to feel really right.
Oh how I wish I had a friend
On whom I could depend.
She'd be there by my side
Day after day, so I need not cry.

I have felt lonely, but
My oh my,
Now that I have a friend close by
I have no need to cry and cry.

Andrea McCulloch
Upper 2
Honourable Mention

Upper

4, 5, 6

She sat on a grassy hill
for hours
Watching a parked car.

He sat in his immaculate office
For hours
Doing paper work.

She thought of a thousand things
To say to him
Should she get the chance.

He thought of a thousand things
To do after work
If he had the time.

She saw him come out of the building.
Her heart stopped.

He saw his car
Parked down the street.

She truly loved him so.
He would never know.

Seeing him made her day.
He got in his car and drove away.

Sarah Burns
Upper 5
2nd Prize

WHAT THE WITTY POEM DID TO THE POOR THING

I once read a witty poem
(It was not like this one)
All about a little thing
A poor little thing.

The cynical remarks,
The sarcastic barks,
The punctuation marks,
Full of dry humour,
All this gave the poor little thing a tumor.

And the poem bitched,
And the poem bit,
And through this bitching and 'bitting'
The poem had nipped off its clothes
So the poor little thing was naked;
And all alone,
(Not even a telephone.)

The poor little thing, the poor tiny little thing,
Such a meek little thing that it was.
Went into hiding in a box,
Under a big rock
In a sock
And the box was locked.

Johanna Steffen
Upper 5
1st Prize

ROAD

Dashing down the middle.
Knocking over forests and dividing nature.
Then, the cars came.
"Daddy, what's that?"
"It's a dead skunk son."
.....Poor Bob lived in Tulsa
I'll bet you didn't know.
He was 16 on New Year's Eve,
But he never started to grow.

He's only 3 inches tall,
And he can't reach the sink,
So he had to bathe
In a cocktail drink....
Then came the drunk drivers
And head on collisions appeared
But were rarely seen.
BANG, BANG, BANG,
BANG, BANG, BANG.
The power of repetition
Aids a car crash.
Tie it all together, and
Wrap it up.

Jay Ferguson
Upper 5
Honourable Mention

OF CHEMISTRY AND ALL THE REST

Looking back, I decided that what happened could only have happened in Chemistry class. I'd even go so far as to say that it could only have happened in the Chemistry class of the Halifax Grammar School. You see, although other classes and other schools may have the right ingredients, they just don't have the right, well, chemistry, I suppose.

For all those who have somehow managed to get through the Grammar School without going through one of Mr. MacNeil's infamous chemistry classes, I can only say that I pity you. His classes are more than a simple lesson, they are a unique experience. An experience which, even though it is formed by words, words alone cannot describe. It is an adventure in itself, it changes each and every student into an Indiana Jones, all trying desperately to survive the torrential outpour of scientific data and information. For the clever and courageous few, they will hack and fight their way across an inhospitable jungle of tests, talks and theories. For the rest of the unfortunate populace, of which I am regrettably a pathetic member, they are left wallowing in the mirth and mire of modern day chemistry, trying desperately to remember that moles are not the critters that dig tunnels, and that 'London' interactions have absolutely nothing to do with the people of Great Britain.

It was during one such class that my story begins.

'Twas a rather pleasant winter day, as far as winter days can be pleasant in Canada, and I was sitting quietly and trying to look attentive in chemistry class. It was just after lunch-break and I was blissfully enjoying a full stomach and a warm classroom. Mr. MacNeil was in top form, spewing out electromagnetic theories like bullets from a hyper-active machine-gun. I was, quite naturally and hopefully understandably, not taking in a word of it. Under circumstances like this, more often than not, my brain would, most probably, quite peacefully, turn itself off. This is not to say that I have become a human vegetable, oh no, it just means that I have attained a state of mental nirvana, a condition of absolute peace and tranquility. I would be almost totally cut-off from the physical world, responding only dimly or not at all to various stimulus, such as sounds or voices, my mind being left to enjoy itself in whatever ways it sees fit.

I remember I was silently admiring the impressive display of stained and unwashed beakers and test-tubes on Mr. MacNeil's desk, wondering how long it would take the residue chemicals on those utensils to go through devolutionary evolution to become a whole new life-form when my brain locked on a particular train of thought.

It is a well-known fact that only one-fifth to one-quarter of the entire human brain is used in a lifetime. However, it is less well-known that the brain often knows more than we do. For example, a friend of mine once had, as a child, a strong aversion to fish of any kind. When his mother forced him to have some, it was unfortunately discovered that he was violently allergic to all kinds of seafood. It was almost as if his brain had known about his allergies and expressed it as a subconscious dislike of fish! Therefore it may be hypothesized that the remaining, unused portions of our brains contain a vast store of knowledge concerning our own bodies and maybe even of the outside world. However, it is not a storehouse that we can enter under normal conditions.

But none of Mr. MacNeil's chemistry classes may, under any stretch of the imagination, be considered normal.

I am not too sure what made me lock on to that particular train of thought, I am still not particularly sure what that train of thought was! But I am sure that everything played a part; my lunch, the warmth, the comfort, my frame of mind and most importantly, Mr. MacNeil's constant drone on electromagnetics or electronegatives or some such. The Chinese have a saying, "When one is full and warm, the only thing left is sex." I found that when you add MacNeil you get something else all together.

It was a subtle change at first, nothing big or flashy, a slight change. Time as I perceived it began to slow down. It was not very noticeable at first, things just ceased to move as quickly as before, definitely not something one notices in chemistry class. Then the limits of my perceptions also began to change, to broaden, to widen, to expand. I started to see the delicate dance of the molecules in the very air that surrounded me, to sense the gentle flow of energies within the room. It was a strangely beautiful sight, with colors and shapes that can only be felt and not seen, experienced and not described. Still my consciousness grew. Matter began to melt before me and revert to energy, for matter and energy are but one. Molecules, atoms, protons, electrons, all yielded their secrets to me, their relationships laid plain before me. Then there was nought save energy; there was no more matter, no more self, only the primal flows of energy, the heart-beat of infinity. I sensed, I knew the reasons, as I sat within the vast choreography that is the universe. I knew The Reason, The Purpose and the part I played/plays/will play.

"STEVEN," boomed Mr. MacNeil's voice, nowhere yet everywhere.

I could literally feel myself snapping back like an elastic band, my mind reeling back from the forbidden parts of the human mind, back to the "real" world. Already what I had seen were beginning to fade, to vanish forever from my mind, for they are not sights that are meant for mere mortals, not until we come of Age. Soon I would only possess the general feeling and memory of this event, but for me it is enough.

"Steven, what holds a molecule together?" continued Mr. MacNeil.

I almost laughed out loud then, but instead I merely replied, "I don't know, sir, I really don't know."

Steven Lowcock
Upper 6
3rd Prize

DISAPPOINTMENT

I used to run ahead,
To look around the corner.
But now,
 I walk,
 knowing there'll be no
 surprise.

Brigid Roscoe
Upper 6
Honourable Mention

THE EXCEPTION

Everyday, something new,
Original,
 just to be different,
 not one of the rest.
A red petal on a white rose

Brigid Roscoe
Upper 6
Honourable Mention

REDUCIO AD ABSURDUM

Psychiatrists invent words which mean
nothing.
Can't you leave this poor girl alone?
IS her mind not loud enough for you?

Why-is all she can ask
Companion
Days of hope
Companion
Nights of fear
She cannot see the way out;
Mazes bewilder her tired mind,
Discoveries of an earlier time-all but
gone
Running water from a broken tap-all but
dry
Second chances appear-anything but
golden
dull gray
mindpause
space
Relax my love,
Relax and swing.

Aaron Bihari
Upper 5
Honourable Mention

THE DANCER

The curtain is raised.
In the spotlight she stands,
frozen.
Then the magic begins,
first delicate steps,
then whirling, twirling,
a snowflake caught in a gust of wind,
the music begins to fade,
the dancer melts into the darkness.

Laurel Weldon
Upper 6
Honourable Mention

CONFUSED PRIORITIES

All this time I've planned what life is to be,
The yacht, the shining red M.G.,
The stereo, and, Thank-God, The pay T.V.

Unpleased in my childhood,
Unknown to myself
I dreamt of the future,
Developed my inner wealth.

Staring out my window
On each rainy day,
I'd watch swelling raindrops
Slide slowly down each pane.

Each drop a reflection
Of my soul inside
I was in each raindrop
My state of being undefined.

Homework never finished
Courses never known
School days all seemed wasted
But this wasn't known at home.

My marks never showed this
And just to make it worse
Pleased and proud my parents
Couldn't see or hear me curse.

In my self concern
It tended to ignore
That which is important
I always wanted more.

I treated my family
With greed and thoughtlessness
And wondered constantly why
they seemed to care less and less.

Faith Wallace
Upper 6
Honourable Mention

PROUD

The sun has now set,
Seems forever it seems
Memories are all that is left
Oh please let it be terrible dreams
I feel so empty
But it shall not show
Strong, brave and witty,
That is how I will grow
I will make her proud
I will make her proud

Stephanie Barbara
Upper Three

THE KEY

Send us a sense of our existing
As soon our life will quickly pass.
Waste no minute in any thinking
As time moves ever fast.

We know not what lies after
Prithee tell us now before
We spend our life's in careless laughter
Prithee tell us what life is for.

Alas I will die never knowing the truth
As to what is my purpose in life.
I'll be old but still a youth
If I die in ignorance of life.

Matthew Murphy
Upper Five

WHAT FOR?

With a tear I blow out the candle
lay down the book,
my head falls on the pillow,
words echo in my mind,
songs fade in my ears
whispers shiver in my heart.
Like thunder, the words have gone,
the songs have ended.
The whispers remain,
crying in the heart,
yearning for freedom.
But the door to the heart is locked
and the key is lost.
The whispers never die,
waiting till the day he brings the key,
to unlock my heart,
to set my chained emotion free.

Susan Halebsky
Upper Four

THE EAGLE

It glides through the morning air,
Its head bright against the sun.
Its eyes glancing in every direction,
Waiting for a creature to stir.

Suddenly a movement in the grass.
The eagle swoops
Its talons ready to grasp.
A small ruckus,
And then the eagle flies away
With its prey.

Christopher Stairs
Upper One

*Clubs
and
Organizations*

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Student Council



BACK ROW: Paul MacNeil (Upper 6 representative), Peter Thomas (Upper 5 representative).

MIDDLE ROW: Rob Plowman (Treasurer), Andrew Oland (President), Matthew O'Halloran (Secretary).

FRONT ROW: Gill Mann (Upper 2 representative), Allison Murray (Upper 3 representative), Susie Abbott (Upper 1 representative), Edward Rees (Upper 4 representative).

This year's H.G.S. Student Council has had a very exciting and busy first few months in office. Numerous dances have been run and have shown a substantial profit. As the new year begins many more activities have been planned, for example a ski trip in late February. In November the council was asked to hold a referendum on Nuclear Disarmament. The balloting resulted in the declaration of the school as a Nuclear Free Zone. The Student Council did not wish to pursue the issue as we feel that H.G.S. students satisfactorily understood and recognized the possibility of a nuclear conflict.

As January comes to an end Winter Carnival is fast approaching. As in past years it is the council's responsibility to run this year's event. New events include, a slave auction and a lip-synch contest. We are all praying that Winter Carnival runs smoothly.

Finally the Student Council would like to thank Mr. Montgomery for being our staff advisor this year. His advice has been invaluable to us.

Andrew Oland
Student Council President

Assistant Secretaries



BACK ROW: Walter Kemp, Holly McCurdy, Kersti Lacreiter, Al Davis.

MIDDLE ROW: Neil McCulloch, Jennifer Smith, Laurel Weldon, Brigid Roscoe, Nancy Fraser, Minga O'Brien.

FRONT ROW: Sarah Burns, Peter Thomas, Katherine Bishop, Gill Mann, Roger Baskett.

This year a most welcome addition to the Assistant Secretaries has been four guys(?); Walter, Roger, Peter, and Neil. This just goes to show that boys have been slower than girls to realize that the fringe benefits of being an Assistant Secretary are well worth the one lunch hour each cycle. The girls, however, have been using the front door, the telephone, and pigging out at the secretaries' banquet for years. Thanks to Mrs. Parker for putting up with the latest of us and always appreciating those who are punctual. On to the banquet!

Laurel Weldon

Student Librarians

It is not often that the library is provided with dedicated librarians. This year was an exception. But we have ecstatically given up one lunch hour a week in order to protect the school's vast collection of information-which ranges from carbon dating to the teenage body book - from the insane lunch hour rush by students who desperately desire to quench their thirst for knowledge. It was a difficult job, but someone had to do it!!!

Faith Wallace
Laurel Weldon*

Senior Choir



BACK ROW: Mrs. Kemp, Colin Audain, Kevin Gibson, Adrian Wild, Malve Petersmann.

MIDDLE ROW: Toni Fried, Traci Boswell, Jean Grindley, Sally Nanton, Stephanie Cooper, Felix Batcup.

FRONT ROW: Kersti Tacreiter, Cathy Novac, Munju Ravindra, Clare Roscoe, Jennifer Smith.

Debating

After losing three of our seasoned senior debators, the club suffered from a lack of numbers, but luckily our ranks were filled by enthusiastic junior debators. But we had to draft a debator for the provincial team. Although there have been meetings with less than half attendance, the debating club has very loyal members who are sure to continue debating in the future insuring the survival of the club.

Peter Thomas

Drama



BACK ROW: Karen Thomas, Andrea McCulloch, Clare Roscoe, Stephanie Cooper, Mike West, Peter Thomas, Colin Bernard, Roger Baskett, Matthew Murphy, Walter Kemp, Kersti Tacreiter, Ken Schwartz, Edward Rees.

MIDDLE ROW: Cathy Novac, Christy Nicholson, Eric Block, Katherine Bishop, Tanja Swart, Laurel Weldon, Julia Gaede, Molly McCurdy, John Cameron.

FRONT ROW: Munju Ravindra, Alison Murray, Jonathan Meretsky, Allyson Simmie, Mrs. Meinertzhagen, Minga O'Brien, Graham Hooper, Neil McCulloch, Sarah Burns.

Once again the drama club is endeavouring to produce an ambitious full length play. This year it is the classic British comedy **THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE**, which will be performed at the end of February. In addition to the usual high standard of acting, there will be, God forbid, a curtain. This year however we would like to find out if Sarah can act, if Allyson can really keep a straight face, Matthew can get a cue, if Mike can smile, if Roger can look love struck, and if Mrs. Meinertzhagen can remember the lemonade. I hope that everyone has enjoyed the play as much as I have; "If you only knew how keen I think I am.....it is....that is when I think of it I think of toasted fruit and....."

Tassel

Reach for the Top



BACK ROW: Mrs. Scobbie.

MIDDLE ROW: Andrew Oland, Walter Kemp, Roger Basket, Rob Barbara.

FRONT ROW: Patrick Oland.

This year's Reach for the Top Team did quite well especially considering we were only left with two veteran team members. After a month or so of practice we headed off to Prince Andrew for the qualifying rounds. The team faired well with a 2-3 record, not enough to qualify for the television rounds. Our weaknesses are in the areas of art and Chinese history. Next year we hope to have these areas mastered and go on to greater things. Many thanks to Mrs. Scobbie for her invaluable assistance.

Roger Baskett

Computer Club

Paul Lalonde, Gavin Murphy, David Robertson.

This was the first year the Computer Club has existed since this is the first time we have had enough computers to make a club worthwhile. We seriously hope that next year there is more interest in the club.

Paul Laonde
President

Sports

Sports Report

The fall 1984-85 sports season at H.G.S. has proved to be one of the most successful to date. Our boys' and girls' cross-country running team started it off, competing in six Metro School meets. H.G.S. usually placed in the top ten in intermediate and senior divisions. Many thanks to Mr. Serebrin for his coaching after school and his revitalizing of cross-country at H.G.S.

Our senior boys' 'A' soccer team ended the season with a 4-4 record. We lost the final match to Kings-Edgehill in a final kick off and the right to represent the region at the Provincials. A lot of thanks goes to John Neale for his work with the team.

The Junior Boys' Soccer Team coached by Mr. Lankester won the Halifax City Schools 'B' Soccer championship. All our junior boys deserve a lot of praise for their fine effort.

The Senior Boys' Volleyball Team was coached by Mr. Bridgehouse and competed in the Metro 'A' league with a 10-5 record. H.G.S. defeated Duncan McMillan in the 'A' Regionals and advanced to Provincials for the third year in a row. At the Provincials H.G.S. met some strong opposition and finished the five team tournament in 3rd place.

The Senior Girls' Volleyball Team was coached by Ewen Wallace and competed in the Metro 'B' league. In the 'A' Regionals, H.G.S. met teams from Hants West and Duncan McMillan and failed to advance to Provincials. We look forward to a good season next year.

H.G.S. entered a Junior Boys' Volleyball Team in the Halifax City competitive league and a Junior Girls' in the Recreational league. Though both teams did not win many games, they had fun, and there certainly is a lot of hope for the future. Many thanks to the Upper 6 students who devoted their time and effort to both of the teams.

The Senior Boys' Basketball Team was entered in the Metro 'B' league again this year. To date the team is proving to be very competitive with a 1-4 record. H.G.S. will meet Duncan McMillan and Kings-Edgehill in the Regionals. A lot of thanks goes to Tom Aves for his work with the boys. With continued hard work the H.G.S. boys should make it to the Provincials again this year.

The Senior Girls' Volleyball Team was entered in the Metro 'B' league. To date the team has a 2-4 record and will be competing in the Metro Semifinals and Regional play-offs. Many thanks to Mr. MacNeil for his work with the girls.

H.G.S. entered Junior Boys' and Girls' Basketball Teams in the Halifax City Recreational league. Both teams will have a 12 game season. Thanks again to the Upper 6 students for their coaching.

Our H.G.S. fencers continue to do exceedingly well under the guidance of Mrs. Scobbie and Kim Aerts.

A new activity has appeared on the H.G.S. sports scene — skipping. The six girls who call themselves the 'Ropers' have performed on numerous occasions at demonstrations and concerts and participated in three skipping camps. They continue to jump to it under the guidance of Mr. B.

Faithfully submitted
Derek Bridgehouse

Skating



BACK ROW: James Liston, Tanja Swart, Tricia Joyce, Jenny DeGrasse, Matthew Thompson, Molly Grindley.

MIDDLE ROW: Liza Piper, Emily Thompson, Kate Perry, Eriksay Liston.

FRONT ROW: Beth Pysemany, Scott McCormack, Genevieve Bain, Emma Townsend-Gault, Bradley McCallum, Trudi Miller.

This year, we saw the product of yet another leadership program. This emerged in the form of a skating program; a set of organized games designed to improve overall confidence, performance and individual skills, (i.e. cross cuts, backward skating, stopping and proper body positioning). The program ran from November to April, once a week, and was available to all prep school children. We hope that our efforts will benefit the students and perhaps contribute to the overall skating program which has so long been a part of the Grammar School curriculum.

Tanja Swart
Allyson Simmie

Under 13 Soccer



BACK ROW: John Lankester, Scott Thompson, Warren Auld, Paul Baskett, Chris Lankester.

MIDDLE ROW: Daniel Thompson, Kelcey Parker, Victor Bigio, Sean Kirby, Mark McCallum.

FRONT ROW: George Nikalaou, Adrian Cameron, Michael Barker, Brian Audain, Asim Wali, Drummond Vogan.

1984 was the year that Halifax Grammar School hosted the Canadian Independent Junior Schools Under 13 Soccer Tournament. For us this was something of a mammoth undertaking but with a cooperative effort by students, parents and staff, we were successful in bringing the rest of Canada to Halifax for an enjoyable fiesta of soccer on the East Coast.

The groundwork for this was laid at a staff meeting in 1983 where job areas were identified and willing people volunteered to assume the responsibility for those tasks. The major headache of billeting was shouldered by Mrs. Kemp while the PAC willingly took on the heavy load of feeding the hordes who would descend upon us.

Trophies, finance, fields, referees, photography, statistics, entertainment for our guests, and other areas were identified for action. These were taken in hand by so many generous people and were completed most effectively. I must, at this point, record my thanks to Scott Logan who was largely instrumental in giving me courage to think that we could do it, who contributed a lion's share in the early organization and who came to our rescue in several last minute crises that we encountered. Certainly the outcome was an event that all of us could view with pride. The plaudits of our visitors certainly spoke of a highly successful tournament that had a very special Nova Scotia flavour.

Teams came to us from right across Canada. Glenlyon in Victoria, was our furthest visitor. St. John's Ravenscourt, came to us from Winnipeg. Seven schools came from the heartland of Ontario and two from the province of Quebec.

The tournament kicked off after an official pronouncement by our Town Crier, Peter Cox. Very quickly, the stronger teams asserted their presence, although there were few cases where any one team was humiliated by the score or outplayed too disastrously. On occasions wind and rain made the conditions a little unpleasant for the players and for the spectators, who gallantly cheered on their charges and favours.

At the end of the second day of round robin play, the semi finalists emerged: Glenlyon from Victoria; Crescent School from Toronto; Hillfield-Strathallan, from Hamilton; Lower Canada College from Montreal.

On the final day, Saturday, these games were played at Huskies Stadium and on St. Francis field in cold but sunny conditions, while the remainder of the visiting teams friendly games to round out their schedules. Glenlyon defeated Crescent 2-0 to win their berth in the final against Hillfield who enjoyed a 5-2 victory over Lower Canada. The stage was now set for the final to begin at 10.30. In a very well played game Hillfield emerged as worthy winners by a 3-0 score. The strong player of the tournament was Alex Gordon of Hillfield who showed considerable ability in front of the net, scoring seven goals and making several mazy runs to spring himself open for some very powerful shots. His team had gone through the whole tournament undefeated.

There then followed the banquet and the final presentation before we said good bye to our guests. Many friendships had been developed and we were sad to see the end of such a gala occasion.

The performance of our own soccer team on the field was a little disappointing in view of the fact that we were playing on our own turf. However, I feel that we put up a spirited show in all our games even if we only tied the ones against St. George's Toronto and St. John's Ravenscourt. Lack of speed and penetration up front seemed to be our major weaknesses. Michael Barker was tireless in all aspects of the game and we learned in our last game that he could unleash a wicked shot. Brian Audain and Victor Bigio were also stalwarts along with Sean Kirby in defence. Adrian Cameron promises to be an excellent find as goalkeeper with a good sense of positioning.

Several players now pass on to the Junior High team having given valiant service in our Under 13 team. I thank them for their efforts and the captain Michael Barker who was a brave heart and who always found an extra ounce of energy somewhere. I am certainly proud of the spirit in which the team has played the game even if the results did not always provide them with their desired reward. I am also very thankful for the assistance I received from Mr. McFarlane and Dr. Audain in preparing a team for this event. Their help was invaluable.

I must also make mention of the tremendous work done by several of our parents in making this tournament such an enjoyable success for all. Mrs. Silverman, Mrs. McFarlane and Mrs. Thompson performed unbelievable feats in organization that should not go unnoticed. Finally I must thank all the parents who really showed enormous courage and faith in our enterprise and billeted one hundred and sixty-five boys, in itself a glowing tribute to the generosity of our greatest supporters. Thank you.

Coach
John Lankester

Junior High Soccer



BACK ROW: Mr. Lankester, George Nikolaou, Michael Barker, Kelcey Parker, Brian Audain, Asim Wali.
MIDDLE ROW: Daniel Thompson, Troy Dolomont, Mark Wathen, Victor Bigio, Michael Stephens, Drummond Vogan.
FRONT ROW: Paul Burnell, Danny Rees, Colin Audain, Matthew Oland, Matthew O'Halloran, Chris Lankester.

A most commendable performance by several stalwarts and a large supporting cast of small bodies brought home to the Grammar School the City 'B' Soccer Trophy.

In the early going we were able to tie and defeat schools such as Gorsebrook and Cornwallis as well as Major Stephens. But then we fell upon hard times and forsook our winning ways to end up as third in the league part of play which put us in the 'B' play-off.

Our players rose to this challenge with great aplomb and succeeded in winning its way to the final against Grosvenor-Wentworth. In a best of three final we managed to scrape a win in the first game at Fairview on penalty shots. We then went down to defeat at home at St. Francis on a very muddy field. The final game took place at Westmount where our boys worked extremely hard to earn a worthy victory by a score of 3-1. We all enjoyed the games with Grosvenor Wentworth school who showed excellent sportsmanship in their defeat. The games were all well played and not in any way marred by unnecessary rough tactics.

Standing out for Halifax Grammar School were Michael Stephen, a real tower in defence; Colin Audain, a forward of talent and great balance who scored many exciting and timely goals. These were able assisted Paul Burnell - the terror of the Corner Kicks; Danny Rees; Victor Bigio; Mark Hoffer Wathen; Michael Barker; Brian Audain, and the rest of the supporting crew.

Our thanks are also due to the two parents who acted as coaches and were such a support in producing a winning team. Dr. Audain and Mr. McFarlane were most helpful throughout the year in promoting our soccer endeavours. Thank you to all the parents who supported our efforts from the sidelines and provided us with the transport to our away games.

Sr. Boys' Soccer



BACK ROW: Roger Mills, Sydney Tan, Peter Thomas, Andrew Oland, Roger Baskettt.

MIDDLE ROW: Colin Audain, Richard Lankester, Michael Stephens, David Keith, André Belcourt.

FRONT ROW: Anthony Novac, Mike West, Neil McCulloch, James Garnett.

The senior soccer team began with a very strong start this year under the excellent coaching of John Neale. Our first match, against C.P. Allen, showed that we had potential but also vulnerability. We continued the season maintaining a very respectable record as we made our way to the regionals. The regionals were held at Kings-Edgehill, where we won our first match and met King's in the finals. We had played them twice earlier in the season, winning on their home ground and losing to them the second match. But after a double overtime we suffered a one - nil loss in the very controversial game. King's went on to win the provincial championships. We hope next year to have a team equal in strength to this year's.

Neil McCulloch
Captain

Jr. Girls' Volleyball



BACK ROW: Stephanie Barbra, Faith Wallace, Kathy Bishop, Munju Ravindra, Alison Murray.

MIDDLE ROW: Karen Thomas, Gill Mann, Paula Hopkins, Clare Roscoe, Andrea McCulloch, Al Davis.

FRONT ROW: Tami Meretsky, Susie Abbott, Traci Boswell.

This year saw the formation of the school's first Junior Girls' Volleyball Team. Clubs had previously existed, however this year we decided to enter a team into the city's Junior Girls' Recreational 'B' league. The girls started the season having never played volleyball outside of gym class. Thus we believe that their two victories were outstanding achievements. The enthusiasm the girls showed throughout the season was reflected in their vast improvement. This alone was plenty of encouragement and reward for us, the coaches, and we think they deserve hearty congratulations. We hope you enjoyed the season and will continue playing throughout your high school years.

Good Luck in the future!

Kathrine Bishop
Faith Wallace
Co-Coaches

Jr. Boys' Volleyball



BACK ROW: Graham Hooper, Mark Wathen, Danny Rees, Michael Stephens, Eric Block, Scott Bernard.

FRONT ROW: Matthew O'Halloran, Colin Audain, Matthew Oland, Kaljo Weldon.

The Junior Boys' Volleyball Team had an interesting approach to the sport this year. They were the most entertaining team in the league. The combination of Matthew Oland's colourful vocabulary, Eric Block's undying attraction to walls and Kaljo Weldon's court dominance, made our presence known at each school we visited. On a more serious note, the entire team performed with surprising competence considering the minimal amount of court time we had for practices. They managed to defeat one team which proves that they belong in the 'A' division. Since all but one of the team members are moving to the Senior High Level, next year will be more difficult but we believe that with a team led by the veteran Kaljo, there will be no question of which team to beat.

Good Luck next year. Colin keep off the net.

Graham Hooper
Scott Bernard
Co-Coaches

Sr. Girls' Volleyball



BACK ROW: Allyson Simmie, Laura Hooper, Nancy Fraser, Linda Barker, Minga O'Brien, Faith Wallace.

FRONT ROW: Nadine Wathen, Brigid Roscoe, Kathy Bishop, Laurel Weldon.

This season, (having sorted out our priorities and expectations last year), we had basically high aspirations for ourselves, both as individuals and as a team. Some of our goals were achieved, others were not. However, we all had a great time and the season was a fantastic success.

Everyone played well this year and showed both improvement and sportsmanship. The most recognition for improvement however should go to the new members of the team. When they began the season they lacked confidence and a few skills but by the time we had gotten into serious volleyball these girls had improved immensely and helped renew team pride.

Our only goal which was not achieved was to make it to the Provincials. Our battle to achieve this goal was very well fought and ALMOST won. This was disappointing yet not heartbreaking, after all we placed 4th in the Metros and 3rd in the Regionals.

This season also brought some unexpected treats such as Mr. Bridgehouse's 'Dry Land Training', Ewen's dictatorship and lust for finger-tip-pushups, an invitation to take part in a tournament in Kentville, and a kick in the shorts from a 'Certain High School's' rude, unjustifiable, and pompous mascot.

After such an enjoyable and encouraging season I will, (and I know that Brigid, Kathy, Laurel, Allyson, and Nadine will as well), miss the team next year.

Not that they need this, but Good Luck to the teams of the seasons to come!

Faith Wallace
Captain

Sr. Boys' Volleyball



BACK ROW: Neil McCulloch, Peter Thomas, Graham Hooper, André Belcourt, Patrick Oland.
FRONT ROW: Scott Bernard, James Garnett, Anthony Novac, Robert Barbara, Roger Baskett.

This year's team was the most successful one produced by the school in living memory. This was no surprise since several of the members of the team have played since grade ten and this year's team was almost a carbon copy of last year's. We applied some more professional tactics and the results show that this extra dimension was where we belonged. We competed against Triple 'A' teams and defeated Dartmouth High and Prince Andrew in succession, right off the top. Things looked good until the 'quagmire' syndrome began to take effect. There was no gym time to practice in, Scott Bernard injured his foot and was out for a few weeks. We still did not have a coach and several players were unable to attend matches, for various reasons. The result-a slump. However, we only managed to disgrace ourselves a few times. The Dalhousie Classic was a good example. We were beaten by a team from Gander, had an interesting match against a Saskatchewan team and were defeated by Sackville High. We did manage to scrape a victory out of Cole Harbour High ending up 21st out of 24 teams. There were several other defeats in store with a few pleasant and justified wins as well. Our travels took us to Kentville, from which we returned with our tails between our legs. Finally after defeating Duncan Mc-Millan in Sheet Harbour, we went to Antigonish for the Provincials where with two wins and two losses we placed third. Special thanks to Mr. Bridgehouse for his time and effort.

Graham Hooper

Fencing



BACK ROW: Mrs. Scobbie, Walter Kemp, Kim Aerts, Matthew Murphy.

MIDDLE ROW: Kaljo Weldon, Paul Baskett, Paul Simms, Brent Macdonald, Aaron Dickson, Andrew Jackson.

FRONT ROW: John Rice, Leif Englund, Colin MacDonald, Matthew Thompson, Emma Haggart.

In 1984-85 the H.G.S. fencing club began reaping the proverbial fruits of its members' labours. The long standing fencers: Walter Kemp, Paul Simms, and Paul Baskett enjoyed a successful season. They all placed well, within the top five of their respective categories. This success extended to the rest of the club. The fencing club was under the direction of Mrs. Scobbie.

Kim Aerts
Assistant Coach

Rugby



BACK ROW: Richard Lankaster, Sean Llewellyn, Andre Belcourt, Anthony Novac, Peter Thomas, Kim Aerts.
MIDDLE ROW: Patrick Oland, Chris Robertson, Graham Hooper, Mike West, Matthew Murphy, Roger Baskett, Andrew Oland.
FRONT ROW: Dave Gray, Anthony West, David Keith, Walter Kemp, Sydney Tan.

1984 marked the first time in seven years the Halifax Grammar School has had a Rugby Team. Despite the lack of publicity and size the team fared very well. The season that we had, limited as it may have been, was assisted by excellent coaching by Marty Williams and a good deal of team spirit. The high point of the season came when we played a seven-a-side tournament in Dartmouth. Five of the players were asked to attend the upcoming Canada Games practices. Altogether I was extremely impressed by the team's speed in learning the game and very grateful for the coaching, especially Marty's very effective pain killers.

Mike West
Captain

Jr. Girls' Basketball



BACK ROW: Brigid Roscoe, Tami Meretsky, Gill Mann, Susie Abbott, Munju Ravindra, Nadine Wathen.

MIDDLE ROW: Cathy Novac, Rosemary Michalski, Clare Roscoe, Kelly Murphy.

FRONT ROW: Sarah Newman.

This year gave the junior girls' basketball team the opportunity to compete with other schools in a recreational league. Being their first year great success was not expected. However, through hard work, many early morning practices, a good attitude and some on the job training, the girls have pulled a few surprises. Although somewhat mild mannered in practices (probably from waking up so early), the girls became very "high spirited" in game situations, allowing them to hold their own against other teams.

We hope that their genuine enthusiasm will continue throughout the rest of their school years whether it be on the junior or the senior high teams. We hope you had as good a time playing as we had coaching.

Brigid Roscoe
Nadine Wather

Jr. Boys' Basketball



BACK ROW: Pat Keefe, Eric Block.

MIDDLE ROW: Michael Stephens, Colin Audain, Danny Rees, Rob Plowman, Troy Dolomont.

FRONT ROW: Matthew O'Halloran, Victor Bigio, Mark Wathen, Paul Burnell.

The Junior Boys' Basketball Team began practising in December. In their two months the team has improved substantially. At this moment the team is in second place in the Junior High Boys' 'B' Basketball league with a 2-1 record. The two victories were convincing wins over Cornwallis and St. Catherine's. The team consists of captain Eric Block, forwards Colin Audain and Michael Stephens and guards Matthew O'Halloran and Danny Rees. Other team members are Matthew Oland, Troy Dolomont, Rob Plowman, Mark Wathen, and Paul Burnell. As the season comes to a close our goal is to win the city 'B' championships.

Andrew Oland
Pat Keefe
Co-Coaches

Sr. Girls' Basketball



BACK ROW: Tania Swart, Linda Barker, Minga O'Brien, Faith Wallace.

FRONT ROW: Nadine Wathen, Brigid Roscoe, Kathy Bishop, Laurel Weldon.

For the majority of the players, this is the last year on the senior team. Throughout our four years of existence we have progressed from a first season of no wins to our present record this year of two wins and one loss so far.

Each of us has developed our own individual styles and strategies that will not soon be forgotten. For example: Laurel's amazing height advantage, Kathy's adoration of her offensive position, Nadine's mean eye and knock'em over approach, Linda and Brigid's up and over backboard passes, Faith's long distance before the game 'practice' swishes, and Minga's guest appearances.

These efforts were enhanced by Mr. MacNeil's words of wisdom: "Don't worry about remembering the play, girls. It won't work anyway!". And how could we forget Anthony's encouragement by telling Mr. MacNeil "where-to-go!". However it would be unfair not to thank our coaches for giving up so much of their free time.

I hope everyone else who is leaving has enjoyed their basketball career as much as I have and Good Luck next year to those who are staying!

Brigid Roscoe
Captain

Sr. Boys' Basketball



BACK ROW: Paul MacNeil, Roger Mills, Andrew Oland.
MIDDLE ROW: Neil McCulloch, Sydney Tan, Rob Barbara.
FRONT ROW: Anthony Novac, James Garnett, Roger Baskett,
Patrick Oland.

The Senior Boys' Basketball team began practices in late November. At that time we were all confident that a Provincial Title was attainable. Three months later that confidence has been solidified. Although our record is not as strong as we might have hoped our play has improved dramatically. Much of the credit should go to our coach Tom Aves and assistant coach Ewen Wallace who have given up a great deal of time to coach us. We would like to take this chance to thank them both very much for all they have done. Also a hearty thanks to Roger Mills, who because of his age was ineligible to play for us, but came to practices "to keep us honest".

Andrew Oland
Captain

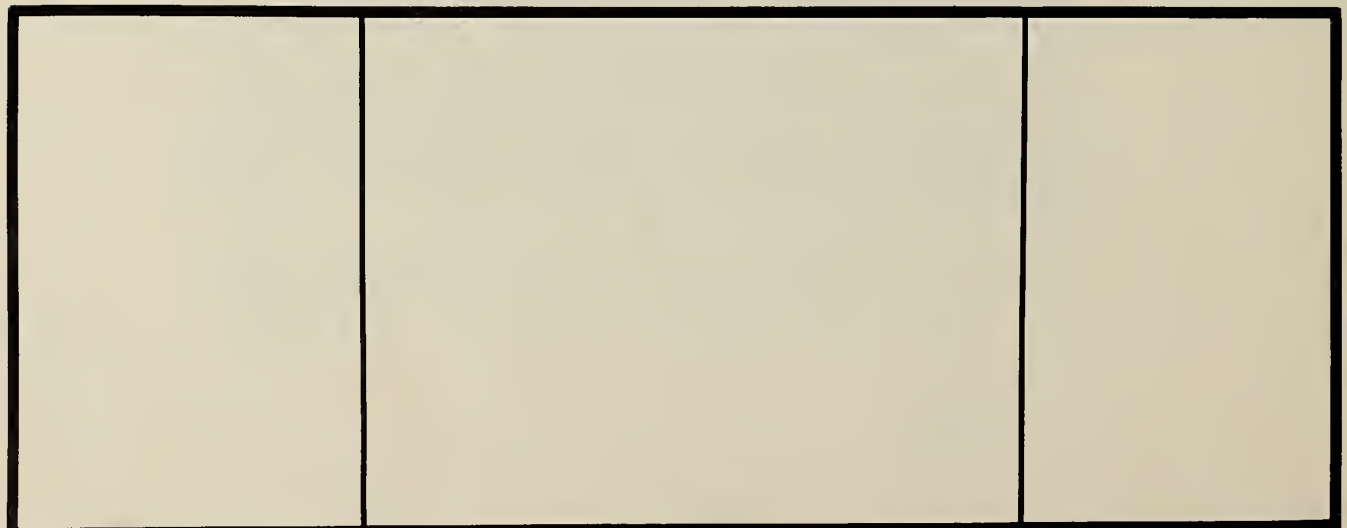
Running Club



BACK ROW: Bridget Byrne, Lee Rodney, D'Arcy Byrne, Al Davis, Carmen MacInnis.

FRONT ROW: Mr. Serebrin, Matthew O'Halloran, Danny Rees, Paula Hopkins, Katie Laycock.

1984-85 marked the return of the Grammar School running team. Mr. Serebrin, fresh from his sabbatical, has successfully revived interest in this forgotten Grammar School strength. Under his coaching, the team members put in consistent top ten performances in the fall Metro Cross-country meets. A good show all round; thanks again to Mr. Serebrin.

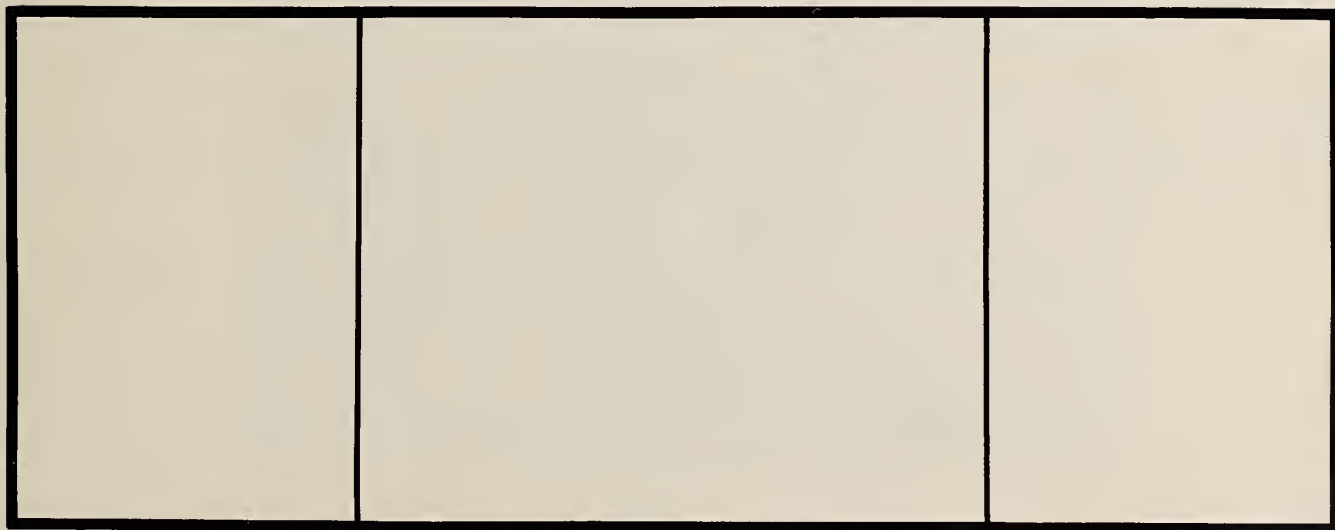


Jr. Running Club



BACK ROW: Margie May, Allyson Franklin, Kate Grindly.
MIDDLE ROW: Kabir Ravindra, Arum Goumar, Jennifer Silverman, Douglas Penick, Trudi Miller.
FRONT ROW: Mr. Serebrin, Brent MacDonald, Ben Moore, Jennifer Archibald, Ariz David, Matthew E. Thompson.

The renewed enthusiasm for running in the Upper School also took root in the lower school, with the formation of our first junior running club. Also coached by Mr. Serebrin, the junior running club stressed participation and the enjoyment of the sport. The junior runners greatly enjoyed their season and wish to extend their thanks to Mr. Serebrin.



Badminton

Ugo the caveman had an idea, his first. He did not know what to do with it, at first, but he soon found out by taking two sticks and some reed. He created the world's first ICBM. From then on he became known as Ugo the fly swatter.

6,500 years later, we came along.

Badminton is strictly a variation on a theme: flyswatting. We put plastic "birds" into the air and hit them with rackets that resemble flyswatters. Looking deeper, one can see that the "birds" are simply abstract representations of our ancient foes, insects.

And during badminton we continue to train ourselves for the inevitable battle.

Generally speaking, our training takes the form of...dare I say it?...games. We bat the "birds" from one end of the court to the next, hoping to trick the opponent into missing the "bird".

Later in the year we shall have a tournament to find the greatest badminton warrior of all. It shall be a treat to witness the battle of such "titans".

Thus far we only have training sessions every Thursday afterschool, presided over by Dawnie Ho, our trainer. It is not much but it will be enough.

What Ugo started, we shall finish.

Steven Lowcock

Table Tennis

We will be starting a Table Tennis club soon. Table Tennis is very popular in Asia. But unfortunately, this game is rather overshadowed by football, ice hockey, rugby, and soccer in North America. So our main aim is to try to popularize this game, and the best place is in school.

We will have two sessions every week, one for juniors and one for seniors. We have been trying to get all the equipment ready for an early start, and we are really looking forward to it!

Sydney Tan
Tony Ho

Sports Candid







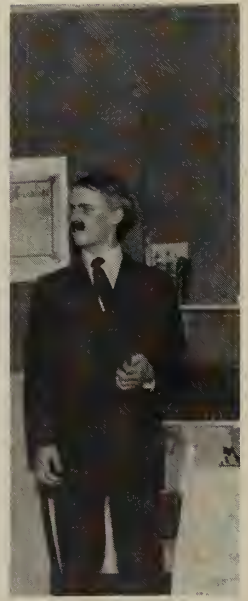
Autographs by your favourite jocks and others...

Special Events











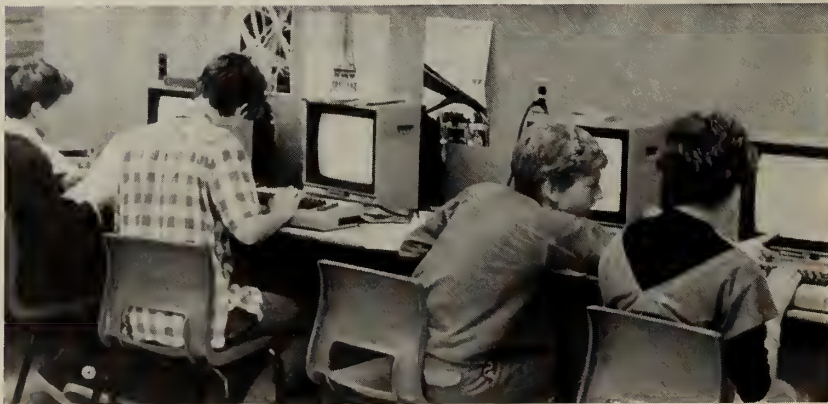
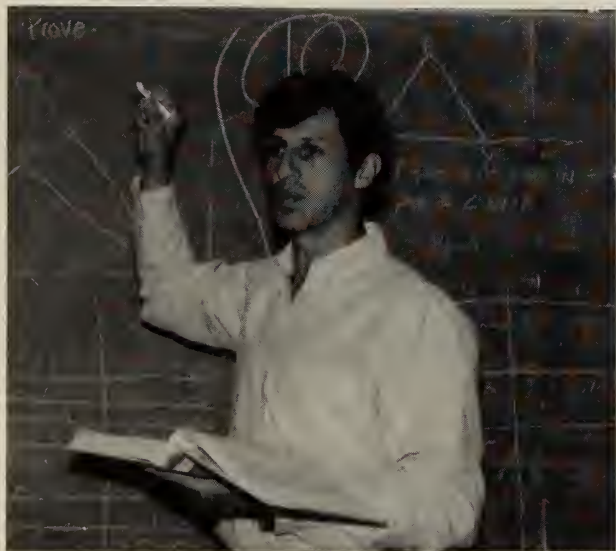


*Candid
Photographs*













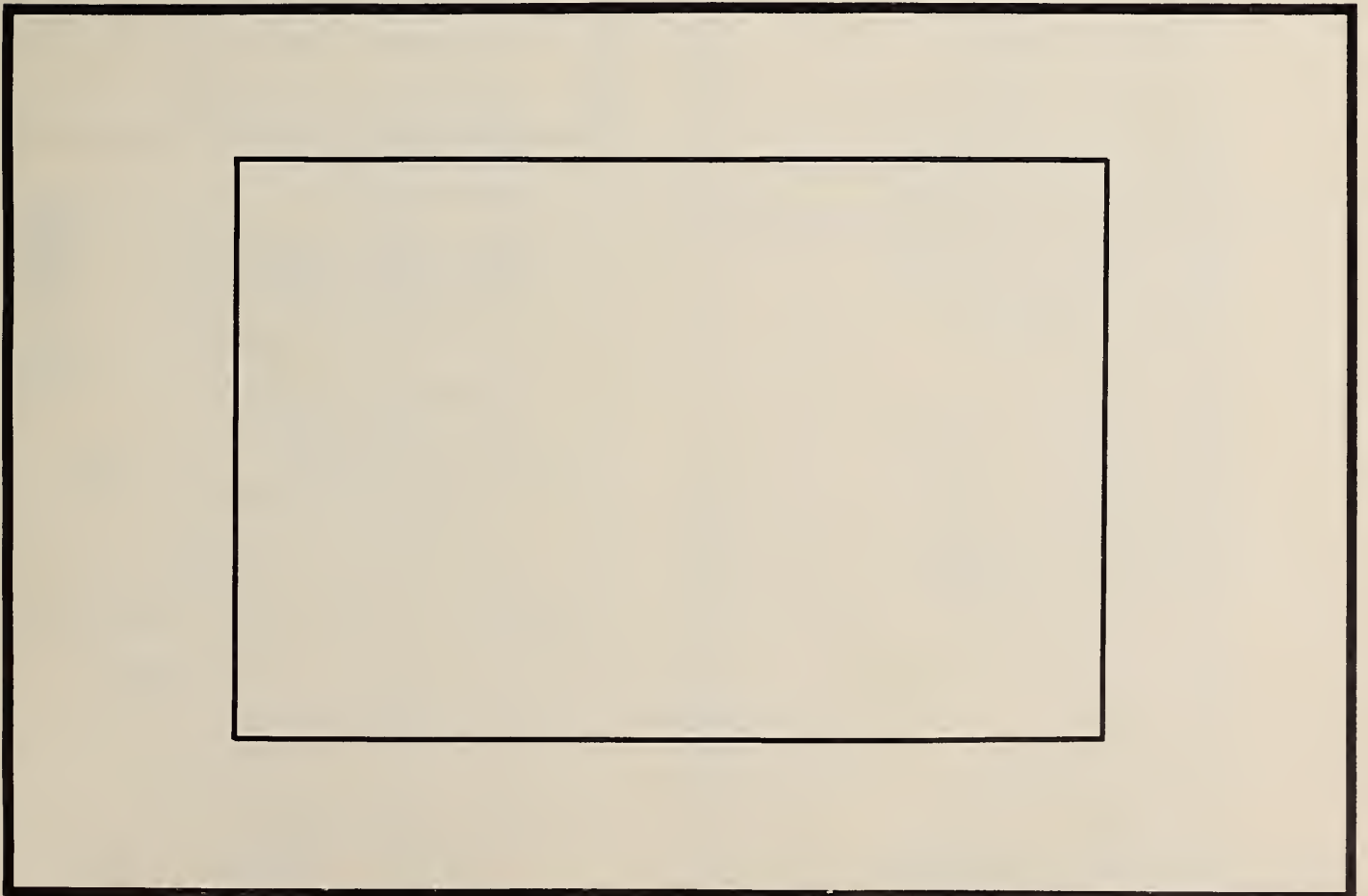








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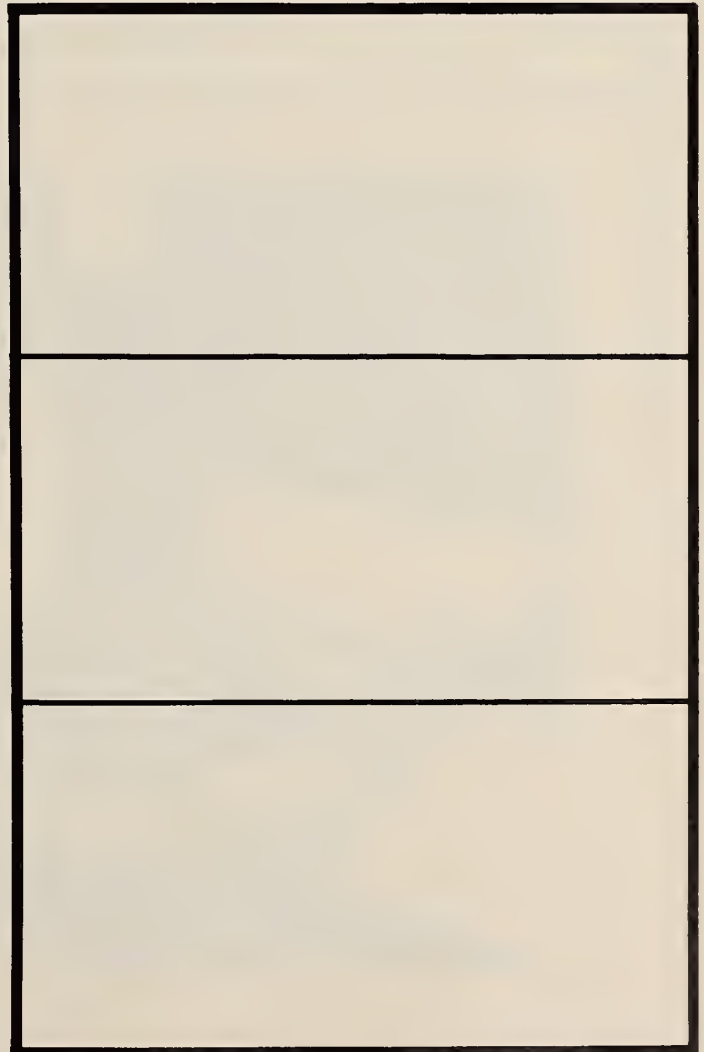
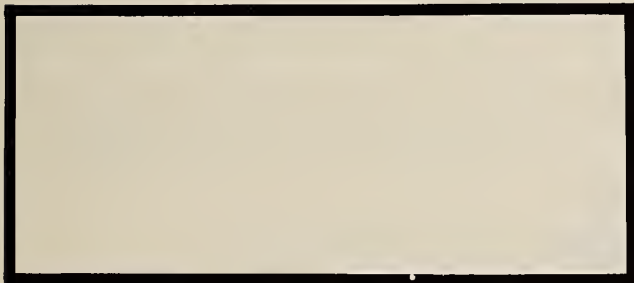
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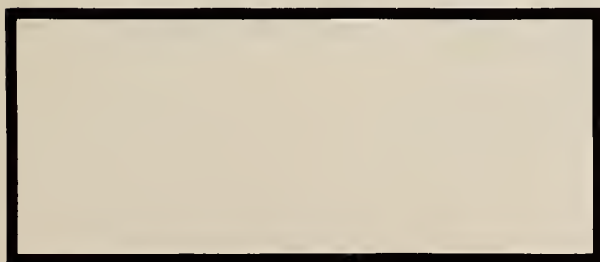
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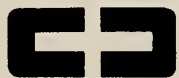
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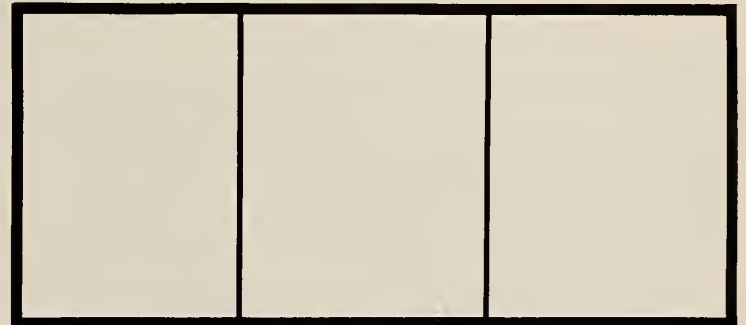
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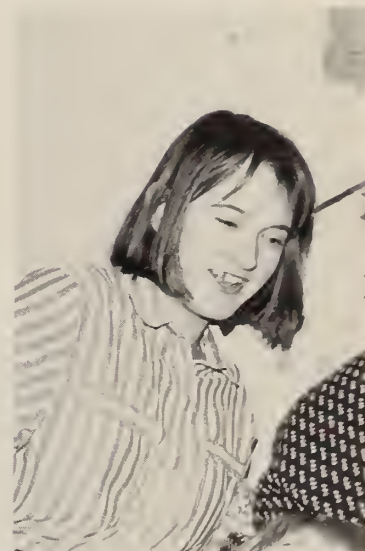
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Special thanks must go to Kristen Glenister ("The Editor") and Laurel Weldon; without their help we would have been unable to complete this book.

Roger and Neil





